The World

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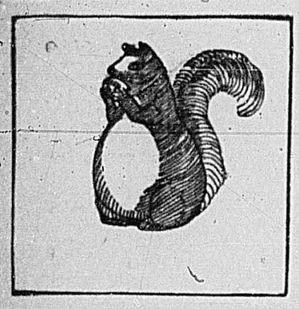
SQUIRRELS AND MEN.

The Central Park squirrels are to live in little apartment houses which the Park Commissioner will build for them. They will not be exposed to the inclemencies of the winter or to the hardships of their country cousins that live in natural forests and are not supported by charity.

So far has the kindly care of the squirrels been carried that they no longer have to crack nuts to obtain their food, for the charitably disposed men and women who throng the Park bring ready-cracked nuts. There is no more necessity of the squirrels hustling for food or laying up supplies for the winter or of hollowing out holes in the trees for their homes. All these things are done for them without exertion on their part and at public expense.



The effect of all this upon the squirrels has been weakening and demoralizing. In a state of nature a squirrel is more than a match for a cat in a square fight, and it has nothing to fear from a dog. So enervated have the Central Park squirrels become by the coddling they receive that a man is kept busy with a rifle defending them from cats and dogs.

In a wild state squirrels are not troubled with lung diseases or digestive troubles. They are agile and alert. In the fall they store away a supply of nuts for the winter time. Practice on nuts keeps their teeth in good condition. Protected from shotguns and rifles, they breed to the limit of the food supply of their vicinity.

The Central Park squirrels are not healthy. They become fat through lack of exercise. Their fur is in bad shape through improper diet. Some of them have lung disease. All of them have lost in vigor and virility. They are enervated.

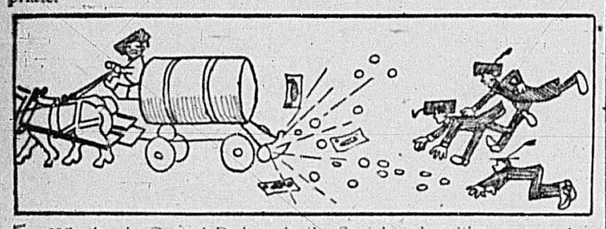
In one respect squirrels do not differ from men. Gratuitous charity is as demoralizing to one as the other.

Prof. Sinclair, of Victoria University, makes a public report of the effect of Andrew Carnegie's gift of $10,000,000 to the Scottish universities which reads singularly like the report on the Central Park squirrels.

Before Mr. Carnegie gave this vast sum of money the Scottish students had to support themselves and pay their own tuition fees. If they were ambitious, abstinent, able, and willing to submit to hardships in order to gain an education, they were graduated from the universities with their self-respect intact, inured to hard work, self-reliant and able to face the world.

Since the Carnegie donations were distributed the students have become idle and improvident. Some of them have secretly accepted Mr. Carnegie's charity and used their parents' money in bad living and vice. Many others have lost the incentive to hard work and study.

Among the class of students who formerly worked their way through the universities the demoralization has been greatest. Instead of supporting themselves, they have drawn upon the Carnegie fund. Instead of concentrating their intellectual efforts on their work and their studies, they have tried to see how much of the donations they could appropriate.



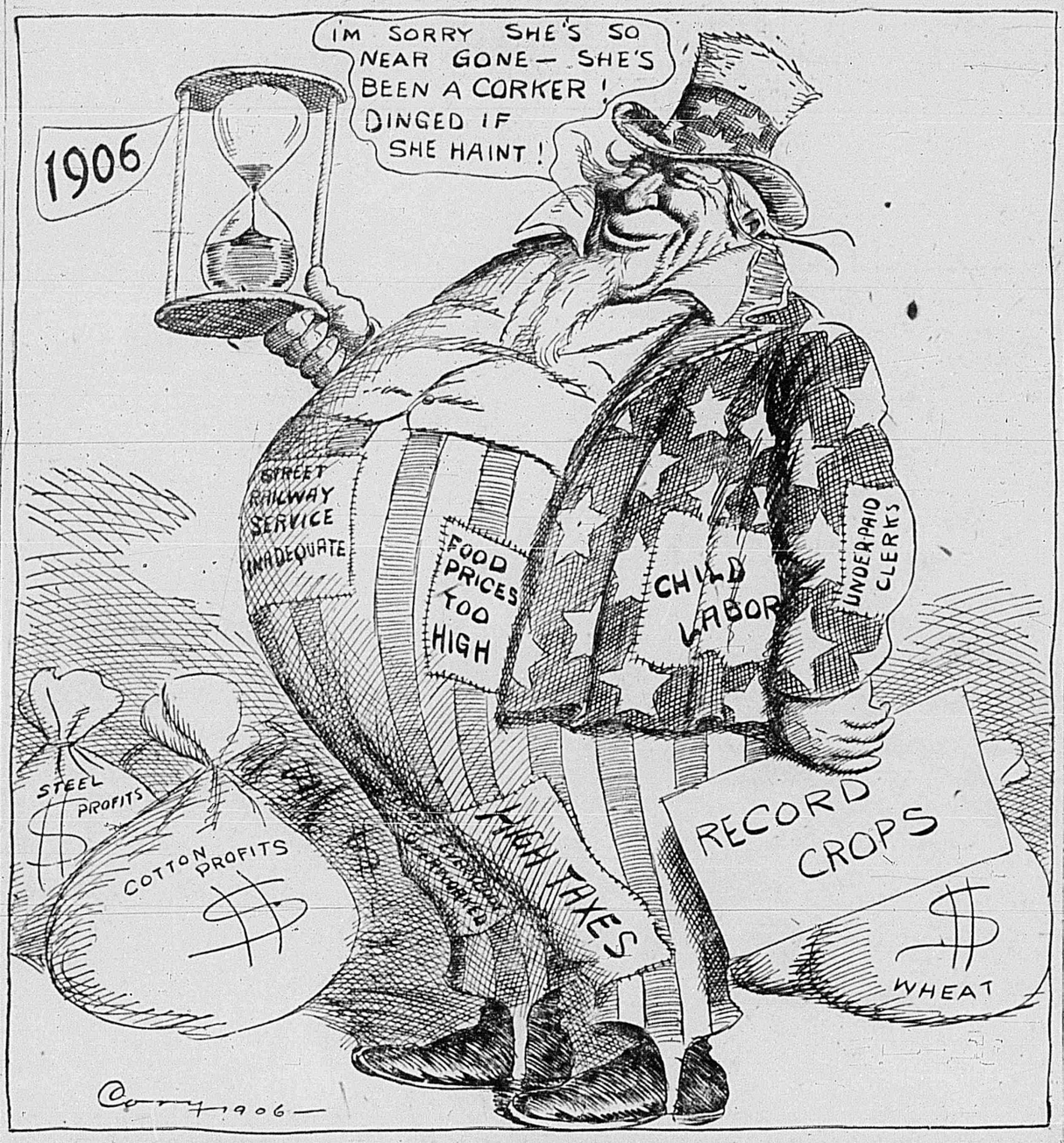
Whether in Central Park or in the Scotch universities, or anywhere else, indiscriminate charity does harm. To do charity intelligently and with good instead of harm is a task which requires quite as much time, ability and effort as the making of steel rails, the refining of crude petroleum or the obtaining of railroad rebates.

The way in which many of the great fortunes of the United States were amassed is a shame to their possessors and a disgrace to American self-government. If these great fortunes are to be distributed in demoralizing charity, their harm will be greater still.

The creation of paupers and dependents is many times worse than even picking the pockets of the community.

Still There Are Some Patches on Uncle's Prosperity.

By J. Campbell Cory.



The Woman Who Won't Let a Man Propose.

By Helen Oldfield.

IT frequently is said that no woman is justifiable in permitting a man to make her a proposal of marriage unless she intends in good faith to accept the proposal. On the subject, most of the inelstants will allow that a young girl may sin in this regard through inexperience, but one mistake of the kind is all which rightly may be excused. The statement, however, usually is made by man who knew nothing of the woman's point of view, or by women who have had little or no experience in love affairs; those who perchance, have had but one lover, whose affection they fully and freely have returned, or those who, from whatever reason, never have been wooed of any man. Well versed women of the world are wiser.

The truth is that the code of social etiquette between unmarried men and women exacts rigidly that no woman must assume, however much she may hope or suspect, that any man is in love with her until he tells her so plainly and explicitly by word of mouth, or else in writing. The woman who says or even implies a refusal of a proposal of marriage before such proposal is an actual and tangible fact places herself in an equivocal position, a position which the man in the case easily may render an awkward and most unpleasant one. He who, under such circumstances, can refrain from any intimation that her rejection of himself, and all that he may have to offer, is premature and scarcely warranted, must be a gentleman indeed in his courtesy and self-control.

Nowadays, we have for the most part changed all the rules of love and romance which bound our ancestors of yore. Lovemaking more often is a game than a serious undertaking, a game for amusement and one of skill. "All baggage at the risk of the owner," runs the proverb in love as in other affairs, and the woman is expected to be able to take care of herself.

"Many men of many minds," and among them are those who neither take themselves nor expect to be taken seriously with regard to a little dalliance in love to pass away the time. They flirt openly and, intending no harm, take no blame to themselves for deception too transparent to attempt to deceive. They frankly love the society of agreeable and pretty women, they possess the art of pleasing, and like to exercise it. Nevertheless they play the game fairly; that is, for those who know it. There is no pouching, no snares set for the unwary, and if harm is done it is because the women to whom they have been courteously attentive and agreeable have misunderstood them and taken too much for granted. And, above most things, it behooves a woman to bear always in mind the fact that she must not allow herself to misunderstand; that it is never safe to take things for granted, nor to attach importance to the pretty speeches which all men of the world make more or less fluently to all women in society.

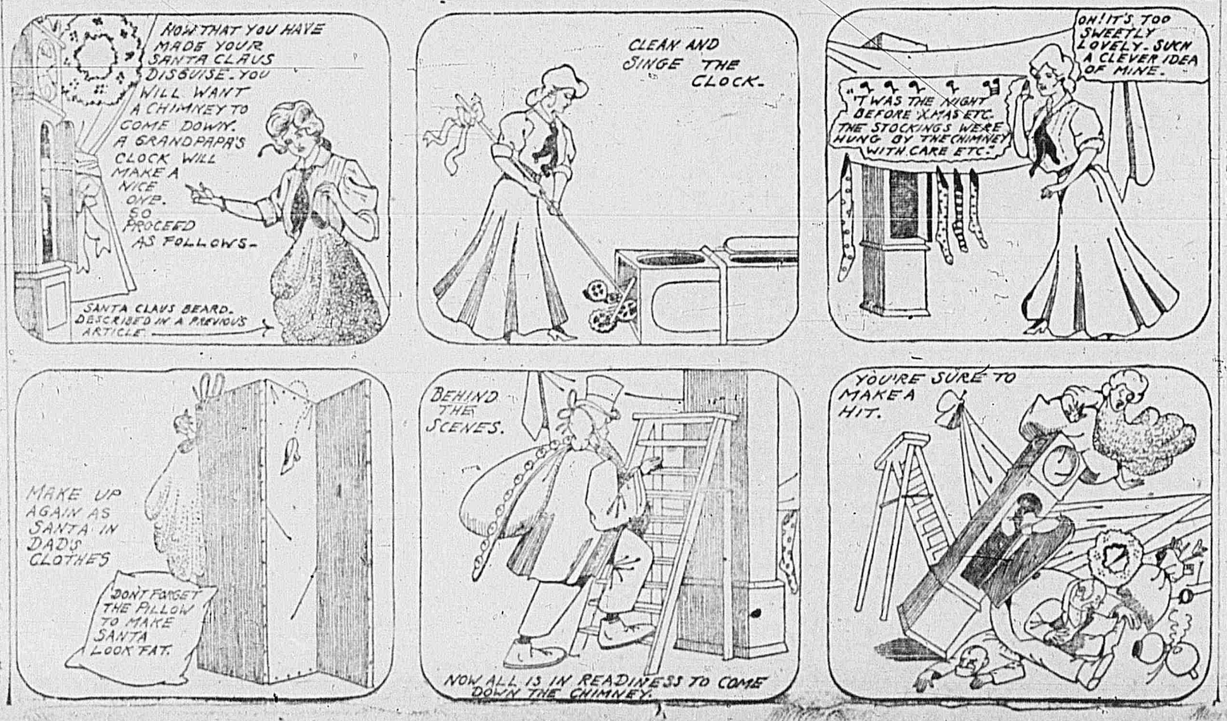
Neither must it be forgotten that a man may admire and like a woman greatly, may take pleasure in her society, yet not be enamored of her.

There are women who leave the men but little to do in the way of courtship. Nonetheless, encouragement may be given in modest and womanly fashion. A girl may wear one lover's flowers in preference to those of any other, for example, and show her sympathy with his tastes. Also, she may accept his escort and receive his attentions graciously, although not eagerly, so as to show that they are valued; but, on the other hand, those which she declines from less favored admirers should be gently and courteously set aside. No woman ever should bestow effusive attention upon a lover, nor make a parade of his devotion to her. It ought not to be difficult for any woman of tact and delicacy to let a man understand whether or no she likes to talk to him. It is good for one man to see that others are in the running, but the girl is not wise to let her feelings lead her into discourtesy to any.

On the other hand, men still more rarely forgive any woman who gives them clearly to understand that their attentions are not desired, and who make an apparent effort to prevent a proposal of marriage upon their part. Men do not like to be discouraged, and few there be who will not like the woman who lets him say his say and declines the honor gently and with tender regret far better than she who "heads him off" and will not allow him to tell his love. There are some women with such consummate tact as to make stanch friends of all their rejected suitors, and these invariably are they who sweetly and patiently listen, and take pains to show how highly they appreciate the compliment paid, even though unable to accept the gift; who fail not to admire where they cannot love. Besides, many men, and of these some of the most virile, like to feel that although they may not have gained a prize, they have made an effort for it. There always is good and sufficient reason to allege why the best man does not always win.—Chicago Tribune.

Hints from the House Horrible; or, How to

By Jean Mohr.



Letters from the People.

Wants to Stop Growing.

To The Editor of The Evening World:

Is there any exercise or medicine that can stop me from growing any taller? I am five feet eleven inches in height, weigh 133 pounds and am but sixteen years six months old. R. R.

There is no harmless way to check growth, nor should you wish to do so. Take plenty of outdoor exercise, sleep nine or ten hours a night in well-ventilated room and eat plenty of wholesome food. Join some good gymnasium. You will thus acquire the weight and strength that should go with height.

B. R. T. in Rush Hours.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can anything be done about the disgraceful and dangerous way the B. R. T. handles the rush-hour crowds every Saturday evening? X. X. X.

Men and Women in Offices.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a young man in an office, and I have noticed that the behavior of men toward girls employed in an office depends upon the kind of a girl they are dealing with. If her conduct is unimpeachable and men still persist in annoying her, the best thing she can do is to give them a good "call-down." If she gets fired for this she needn't worry, because positions for good stenographers go begging all the time, and a concern that would fire a girl for acting the part of a lady is hard to find. As a matter of fact, though, it all depends on the girl herself.—

WALL STREET.

New York Fifty Years Ago.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A correspondent says he has read that fifty years ago, when a stage coach was full, women sat on men's laps without any lack of decorum. I lived here fifty years ago, and many is the time I have had a lady sit on my lap in a crowded stage coach on the various lines in the city, until I was only too glad when she reached her destination. No one thought anything of it. Of course, today this custom would be considered the highest of indecorum, which only proves that we are living in a far less simple and honest age than we were fifty years ago. J. C. VAN A.

Name of Several Egyptian Kings.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the meaning of the word "Ptolemy?" JOHN J. RYAN.

To Soothe Subway Victims.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Thirty minutes from Seventy-second street to the Bridge on Subway express again to-day! I beg that the kind, good, accommodating Subway company will stretch canvas partitions between the express tracks and the local tracks. Then we poor bamboozled expressites won't be still further riled by having to watch "locals" go attacking past us as we creep along. By the way, wouldn't a countryman landing at the Ninety-sixth street station in a crowd think—he'd dropped into the original "maze?" It's harder to find one's way out than out of jail. MABEL H.

Nine Hours' Sleep.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In regard to the hours of sleep a man needs I, in common with many philosophers and profound thinkers, need nine hours' sleep daily. Semi-imbeciles thrive on six or seven. That they are such is shown by the fact that they do not take more.

M. W. MEAGHER.

Love Affairs of Great Men

by Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Dean Swift's Two Loves.

"ONLY a woman's hair," wrote Dean Swift on the paper wrapping one of Esther Johnson's midnight locks, found in his desk after his death.

Whether the prince of satirists indulged his sentiment or his cynicism in this inscription is hard to determine.

But it was his last word on the subject of his association with Miss Johnson, more generally known as "Stella," who was indeed the starlight of his miserable life.

There was another woman whose name is as inseparably linked with that of Jonathan Swift. She was Hester Vanhomrigh, whom he named Vanessa, and who died of a broken heart when the news of Swift's secret marriage to "Stella" was made known to her.

Swift never loved any woman. He was a cold and unresponsive Abelard with the rather embarrassing problem of having two Heloises on his hands.

A Lover Who Never Loved.

The eccentric author of "Gulliver's Travels," after a youth of privation and bitterness toward a parsimonious uncle, on whose grudged charity he lived, first met Esther Johnson when her mother became housekeeper to Sir William Temple, the satirist's patron, with whom he lived at Moor Park. She was thirteen years younger than Swift and but eight years old when they met. But she grew before his eyes into a slender, graceful and accomplished young woman.

Swift educated her and rendered to her fine mind and charming person as much affection as he was capable of feeling.

Years passed. No one knew the precise relationship existing between the beautiful Stella and the man of genius, but the world put the worst construction on it.

During the frequent trips Swift made from Moor Park up to London his lodgings adjoined those of a Mrs. Vanhomrigh. In her home he wrote candidly to Stella, he kept his best gown and periwig and "out of mere listlessness" frequently dined there. Her daughter Esther was the ill-fated Vanessa, a girl of eighteen, who conceived a romantic and terrible passion for the ungainly clergyman of forty-four.

When Swift returned to Ireland and Stella, Vanessa followed him. She lived in great seclusion, her one purpose and interest in life being the occasional visits of Swift, who does not appear to have encouraged her ardor, but to have been at once flattered and annoyed by it.

In her letters to him the young girl frequently avowed the most passionate love. The Dean, in his replies, recommended exercise and diverting books as a cure.

Vanessa wanted to marry Swift. But she did not know the precise nature of his relations with Stella. After long delay and self-torture she took a simple but fatal way to resolve her doubts. She wrote to Stella asking her whether or not she was Swift's wife.

His Quarrel with Vanessa.

Stella replied that she was, and rather maliciously sent Vanessa's letter to Swift, who was in Dublin. The Dean became very angry. He ordered his horse saddled, and rode at once to Vanessa's residence, entered her room, and, flinging her letter on the table before her, flung out of her life forever. Vanessa died soon after, and Swift's cruelty on this occasion is said to have been her deathblow.

Though it is believed that Swift really was secretly married to Stella, he never would acknowledge the union.

Stella never took his name, and they never lived together. Indeed, it is said they were never alone together from the day of their marriage.

When Stella died Swift said of her, "She was the truest, most virtuous and valuable friend that I, or perhaps other person, was ever blessed with."

But only Stella knew the long years of suffering, of mute reproach and stifled tenderness she had had to live to merit such a tribute.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

A YOUNG man writes me that he thinks he should be allowed to call on a number of young ladies until he can make a mature choice among them. But, he complains, girls are too prone to attribute matrimonial intentions to him if he calls even at infrequent intervals.

It is difficult to draw a precise line on this question. The girl who is over-eager to secure a husband, and who lets men see it, is a pitiful spectacle. But she is less blameworthy than the man who by his attentions drives other suitors away and monopolizes the best years of a girl's life without even proposing marriage to her. I don't see how it can take a young man very long to decide which he prefers of the girls he knows.

Love does not reason nor weigh and balance things. It is no more logical than lightning, and very often it is just as quick.

We must make up our hearts, not our minds, to marry if we would marry happily. Love finds its object by instinct, not by a mathematical process of elimination.

A Dancing Class Affair.

Dear Betty:

AFTER having had a young lady as my partner at two or three dancing lessons to which I go I said "How do you do?" to her the next time I came there, but she deliberately refused to answer me and I felt very much abused. Now, do you think that

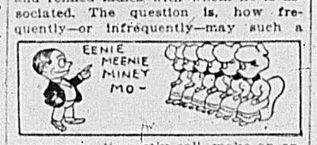
I was wrong in greeting her or was she wrong by not answering me? L. M. F.

The young lady was entirely wrong. She was very rude, but I would not care about it if I were you.

Would Call on Several.

Dear Betty:

THE responsibilities of a young man make it advisable for him to continue at home with his parents for awhile, yet he is anxious to choose with deliberation from among several cultured and refined ladies with whom he is associated. The question is, how frequently—or infrequently—may such a



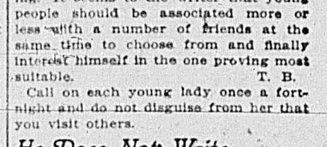
young man discreetly call, make an appointment to take a young lady out, or accept the invitations extended, without being open to criticism for "taking their time" or on account of his having other associations and without giving any one of the friends cause to presume that she is the chosen one. The majority of young people seem to take to one friend for awhile then suddenly change to another, apparently losing their heads over one for the time being. It seems to the writer that young people should be associated more or less with a number of friends at the same time to choose from and finally interest himself in the one proving most suitable. T. B.

Call on each young lady once a fortnight and do not disguise from her that you visit others.

He Does Not Write.

Dear Betty:

I WAS out with a gentleman friend of mine a few weeks ago and we parted. He asked me to write the same as usual. I obeyed his re-



quest and did not receive an answer. Then I sent him a postal card to meet me, and he did not show up. Would you advise me to notice him when I meet him? I like the young man very much. I have been going out with him for the last eight months and he has never treated me so meanly before. Would you send him a postal card at Christmas I do really like the boy.

JENNIE J.

If you know the young man is in good health and not prevented from writing you, you would be very foolish to notice him again.

Giovanni Golfs with John D.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

("John D. has been seen golfing with his Italian laborers."—Item.)

No grind-a da orga', no sella bannan'
No roast-a peanut, lik-a common-a man.
I gotta da job wit' da bigga da pay
And Notheeng to do but to mak-a da play.
No blast-a da rock-a for little-a—Me—
I hitta-a da ball on da five o'clock tee.

No send-a da monk-a out to getta da mon'.
I work-a da job with a plenty-a fun.
Da John-a da Rock'—oh, da fina da boss!
He mak-a da mon' and he stand-a da loss.
I carry da clubs an I mak-a da swear
Like "Fore!" w hen he hitta da ball in da air.

Don't know-a "fore" what, but he lika da sound.
I tak-a da turn and I hitta da ground.
Da bigga da boss makes a laughing at me,
And say: "I will beat you, my Gi-o-vann-ee!"
Da fina da boss is da bigga John Dee.
He mak-a me work on da five o'clock tee.